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WHO GOT THE PIG?

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THE VARIETY STAGE.

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AN IRISH SKETCH,

IN ONE SCENE,

BY

McDERMOTT & TRUMBLE.

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WHO GOT THE PIG?

CHARACTERS.

PAT MCGINNIS.
MIKE HAGGERTY.
POLICEMAN.
MARY ANN MCGINNIS.

COSTUMES.—AD LIB.

PROPERTIES.

Table, set for dinner. Carving knife on table. Two chairs. Dinner to bring on. Folded paper (legal style) for POLICEMAN. Blanket, bonnet and poker for PAT.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1875, by HAPPY HOURS COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

*** There is no charge for the performance of this sketch.

WHO GOT THE PIG?

SCENE.—*Room in* PAT M'GINNIS' *house, in third grooves. Window* L.F., *door* R.F. *Table set for dinner* C. *Carving knife on table. Chairs* R. *and* L. *of table.*

MARY ANN M'GINNIS *discovered at window.*

Mary A. I wondher what does be kapein' Pat so late? He wint out wid that red faced young chap, wid the toight pants and stroiped Picadilly collar, that gev him the paper wid wroitin' on it. It's afther wan o'clock now, for I heerd Larry Dooley batein' his woife, an' he always does it afther dinner before he goes back to work. Faith, that Dooley's a blaggard! God knows, av I wor his woife, I wuddent stan' any of his hoigh an' moighty ways. Bad scran to him for a red-headed hack driver! iver since he won the twinty dollars playin' policy, the sthreet's too small to hould him. There's some people niver can stan' prosperity, anyway. There was ould M'Cabe, whin his woife died he was dhrunk for a month, till he'd pawned ivery rag she had left him; an' little Jerry Rooney, oh, powers of mercy! he's been on his hoigh horse for near a year now, bekase he won a mule at a raffle—although the baste did die av the epizooty an' him have to pay foive dollars to bury it. Well, av Pat don't come home soon, he won't have any dinner; the pot's been so long on the foire it's near all evaporated into stame up the chimbley. Faith, av it kapes on much longer it'll rain Irish stew in this neighborhood. (*Exit* R. PAT *puts his head in at window in* F.

Pat. (*Looking around.*) Plase the pigs, there's nobody here. (*Listens.*) Ha! I've gev 'em the slip.

Enter PAT M'GINNIS, D.F.

Pat. Pheugh! wheugh! phoo! Faith, I've conthracted a plapitation av the heart wid that run. What wid that, an' sittin' all day in coort, lis'nin' to a pig case I can make nayther head nor tail av, I'm dog toired an' achin'. But thin I'm a juryman; juryman, eh? faith, the name tickles me; av I kape on, I'll be a polishman, or an alderman nixt,—an thin, oh, murdher! the very ijee av the good dinners makes me hunghry. I wondher is dinner near ready? Alderman, is it? Mary Ann 'ull go off her nut whin she hears it—ha! I was forgettin'. How the divil will she hear it? *(Thoughtfully.)* The ould judge tould us we worn't to spake a word out av coort. Begorra, that bothers me; I niver knew how hard it was to hould yer tongue till now. I don't wondher the women doesn't like to do it. Whin I I kem out av coort, I met Mike Haggarty, an' he stopped me. "What's yer hurry?" sez he—but I gev him no answer, an' kep' on my way,—him afther me. "Luk here, now!" sez he, "here, let's have a dhrop." Faith, it cut me to the sowl, for Mike always was a liberal chap, an' I hated to refuse him; but I kep on. "Can't ye spake?" sez he, "are ye sthrick dumb?" I was burnin' to put a word in, but I darrent. "What the divil ails ye?" sez he,—an' he kep on blatherin' till I druv him a sthroke. I had to do it, or burst. It knocked him clane into the gutther, an' I started at a dead run wid the pollisman afther me, yellin' "stop thafe!" I duv through the Dutch grocery and clumb over the fence into the nixt sthreet, an' kem home the back way. I wondher where Mary Ann is? Me back bone's sthrikin' foire agin me ribs wid hunger. Mary Ann! Mary—*(Suddenly stops.)* Thunder an' turf! I disremimbered. I darsent spake—an' me starvin' for hunger. What the divil can I do? I must have somethin' to ate, an—begorra, I have it! *(Upsets a chair.)* There! the noise av that will rouse her. *(Listening.)* There she comes! I cud tell thim brogues av hers a mile off, by the sound av thim. *(Sits at table, C.*

Enter MARY ANN, R.

Mary A. Bad 'cess to that cat! *(Sees* PAT.*)* Oh! it's yerself, is it, Pat? Faith, I thought ye wor lost. Are ye hungry, ould man? *(*PAT *nods and makes signs of eating.)* I thought so; I'll fix ye in a jiffey. *(Going* R., *aside.)* Ho's a thrifle crossed, an' won't spake,—ah, well, I s'pose he's famished and toired. *(Exit* R.

Pat. The ould woman opened her eyes at me not spakin'. Av I could only explain matthers, but—divil burn it! I darsent spake.

Re-enter MARY ANN, R., *with dinner.*

Mary A. Here ye are, Pat. Here's a dinner will warm the cockles av yer heart. Sit down, now; sure ye must be hungry *(*PAT *nods.)* an' toired. *(*PAT *nods.)* What makes ye look so quare, Pat? Are ye out av sorts, now? *(*PAT *shakes his head.)* Powers av mercy!

what ails ye? *(Pat executes burlesque motions.)* Man alive, are ye crazy?

Pat. *(Aside.)* Tear an' ages! she's as curious as a cat. I moight have knowed it. What the divil shall I do?

Mary A. *(Anxiously.)* Can't ye spake to me, Pat?

Pat. *(Aside.)* Av I only daured— *(Pauses.*

Mary A. Why don't ye answer me?

Pat. *(Aside.)* Av I only daured, I'd tell her; but—but—I wondher av she'd undherstand soigns, now? *(Motions as before.*

Mary A. Heavenly Fathers! what's he makin' thim faces about?

Pat. *(Aside.)* She don't undherstand. I'll thry agin.

(Rises, takes Mary Ann's *arm and comes down. Business as before.* Mary Ann *observing him with increasing uneasiness. At the finish* Pat *puts his finger on his lips, touches his forehead, and goes up to table.*

Mary A. Powers av mercy! what ails him? Whin Simple Dick does be tak wid thim electric fits, he goes on the same way. Pat! Pat! *(Rushing up to table.*

Pat. *(Aside, nervously.)* Thunder an' turf! There'll be a purty bilein', now. I must hurry up, and get out. *(Eats voraciously.*

Mary A. Oh, luk at the actions av him! He's mad, divil a less. Atein' loike a wild baste! Oh, Pat! Pat! Pat!

Pat. *(With his mouth full.)* Oh, what the divil will I do?

Mary A. Pat, Pat! are ye sthruck dumb? *(Pat shakes his head.)* Oh, wirra! wirra! wirra! why don't ye spake? *(Business as before.)* Ah, the Lord be merciful to us! he's crazy. *(Pat motions with his knife.)* Oh-h-h-h! *(Starting up.)* Is it murdher me, ye would?

Pat. *(Aside.)* Begorra! this bates all; I'll thry her agin.

(Takes Mary Ann's *arm as before; she struggles, screaming.*

Mary A. Murdher! lave off!

Pat. *(Aside, letting her go.)* Begorra, a thrifle more av this will dhrive me as crazy as she thinks I am. Oh, hang that jury business. Av I only daured spake—but I can't. Av I do, they'll be intherdictin' me for perjury—or arson—or some other pecadillo. What the divil shall I do? Faith, I'll thry her agin.

(Business as before; Mary Ann *struggles furiously.*

Mary A. Lave go av me! *(Pat motions silence.)* Lave me go, I say! *(As before.)* Av ye don t lave off, I'll call the pollis!

Pat. *(Aside.)* Faith, it only wants that to complate me sum av bliss. *(Laughing wildly.)* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mary A. Oh, the horrid savage laugh!

Pat. *(Desperately, aside.)* I'll thry her agin.

(Business of motions and signs as before, but more violent.

Mary A. Oh! luk at the oi av him; he's ravin' mad!

(Business, very violent. Pat *still retains the knife in his hand, and flourishes it in his excitement.* Mary Ann *watches him with growing horror, and finally breaks from him and runs,* Pat *after her; she exits* R. *and he comes down* C.

Pat. *(In growing excitement.)* Well, by the powers, this bangs Banagher! I'm dumb—an' spacheless—an' crazy—an' simple—an' a murdherer—an' all along av sarvin' on a jury, bad scran to its name! May the man that invinted it, and his antecedents, be sthruck wid poverty to the seventh generation! av I spake, I'm liable to persecution; av I don't spake, me woife 'ull be gettin' a hoigh strike; av I go out, I'll be seized for 'saltin' an' battherin' Mike Haggarty; av I stay here, I'll be foined for contimpt av coort. Ha! ha! ha! ye'll be an alderman, will ye, Pat M'Ginnis? Begorra, ye'll be before an alderman soon. *(Laughing wildly.)* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*(*MARY ANN *appears in* R., *listening.*

Pat. An' me woife, too?

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Whist!

Pat. I'll murdher her! Ha! ha! ha!

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Oh! the cannonball!

Pat. I'll stab her! ha! ha! ha!

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Oh, ye bloody villain!

Pat. Women is so scary. I moight a known I'd frighten her wid that knife, and spoil all.

Pat. *(Aside.)* Ye murdherin' blaggard!

Pat. What the divil shall I do? Make a sthart now or give up the whole business. I'll be shot av I loike to do that?

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Oh! sure he talks av murdher as if it wor a pleasure.

Pat. Begorra, it was funny, though. She thought I was crazy—ah!—crazy! Sure, that would be a good excuse.

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Good excuse!

Pat. Av they thought I was crazy, they couldn't do anything to me.

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Couldn't they?

Pat. Hould on, a bit! I think 'twill work. I'll do it—

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Ah!

Pat. An' purtend to be crazy.

Mary A. Oh!

Pat. I'll not sthir out av the house.

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Oh, the coolness av him!

Pat. Whin the pollis comes, they'll foind me all prepared for 'em.

Mary A. *(Aside.)* Will they?

Pat. Wid a story, a cock an' bull story as long as yer arm, an' if I don't lade 'em off the scent, me name's not Pat M'Ginnis. *(*MARY ANN *sneezes.)* What the divil's that?

Mary A. *(In entrance.)* Oh, murdher!

Pat. *(Seizing her.)* It's the ould woman.

Mary A. I'm lost!

Pat. *(Pulling her on.)* Yer what? Well, I've found ye.

Mary A. His very voice makes me shiver.

Pat. Luk here now, Mary Ann!

Mary A. *(Groaning.)* Oh-h-h!

Pat. Lave off that, now; I've a crow to pick with ye.

Mary A. I know it.

Pat. Ye do?

Mary A. I do, Pat M'Ginnis; hav'n't I been a good woife to ye.

Pat. Av coorse.

Mary A. An' faithful, an' hardworkin', an' mended yer socks, an' darned yer shirts, an'—

Pat. *(Impatiently.)* To be sure; but, thunder an' turf! that's not what I'm afther.

Mary A. I know, only too well. Didn't I hear ye colloquein' wid yerself, just now?

Pat. Oh, ye did! well thin, ye're prepared.

Mary A. *(Astounded.)* Prepared, is it?

Pat. An' ye'll assist me, av coorse?

Mary A. *(Horrified.)* Assist ye?

Pat. Certainly.

Mary A. Assist you?

Pat. Av coorse; are ye dafe?

Mary A. *(Solemnly.)* Pat M'Ginnis, can ye raley inthertain the ijee av such a croime?

Pat. Croime?

Mary A. Yis; bloody croime.

Pat. *(Laughing.)* An' ye call that a croime?

Mary A. Certainly.

Pat. *(Laughing.)* Arrah! go 'long out o' that! Sure, it's no croime.

Mary A. No croime!

Pat. Av coorse not.

Mary A. Murther, no croime?

Pat. Mur—what? Oh, tear an' ages! I see it all. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mary A. An' can ye laff?

Pat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mary A. Oh, wirrasthrue! wirrasthrue! Was there iver such a onhuman—

Pat. *(Interrupting.)* Luk here now, Mary Ann! *(Takes her hand.)* Do ye mane to say ye thought I was goin' to murdher yez?

Mary A. Pat M'Ginnis—

Pat. Oh, hould yer whist! ha! ha! ha! Is it me, murdher my Mary Ann?

Mary A. An' do ye mane to—

Pat. Av coorse. *(Noise outside.)* What's that?

Mary A. *(Running to window.)* It's Mike Haggarty an' a pollisman.

Pat. What? oh, tear an' ages, I'm done for! Mary Ann, come here. Come with me; come I say! I'll explain iverything to yez—only give me a chance. Come on, now; come on, I say!

(Exit R., *with* MARY ANN.

Enter MIKE HAGGARTY *and* POLICEMAN, D.F.

Policeman. You're sure this is his house?

Mike. Yes.

Policeman. I wonder where he is?

Mike. He must be about somewhere.

Policeman. Well, look here; I can't wait. Will you hand him this? *(Giving paper.)* He was on the jury in O'Grady *vs.* Squash, and this is a notification that the case is dismissed.

Mike. *(Taking paper.)* All right; I'll tell him.

Policeman. Much obliged. So long. *(Exit* D.F.

Mike. I wondher where he is, anyway. I owe him one for the smash in the eye he gave me this morning, but I'm thinkin' all along it was some sort of a mistake. I'm bound to settle it right here, though.

Enter MARY ANN, F.E.R.

Mike. How are you, Mrs. M'Ginnis?

Mary A. *(Sobbing.)* Oh, Misther Haggarty!

Mike. Hullo? what's up?

Mary A. Oh, Misther Haggarty!

Mike. Well?

Mary A. It's Pat, sor.

Pat. Pat?

Mary A. Yis.

Mike. Why, what ails him?

Mary A. Oh, sor, he's crazy!

Mike. No, really? really looney? Well, come now, I thought he was off his nut when I met him.

Mary A. Divil a doubt.

Mike. But what'set him off anyway? Great Scott! only look at him.

Enter PAT R., *in his shirt sleeves; with a blanket around him, one of his wife's bonnets on, and a poker in his hand. He advances to* C. *Pauses between the two, and stares vacantly at them.*

Pat. *(Slowly.)* The pig, gintlemen, belonged to O'Grady, av coorse; but whin he sould his cow, the question is—I wondher av the pig was a sow or a boar now.

Mike. (L.) What's he talkin' about, anyhow?

Mary A. (R.) It's a law case.

Mike. A law case?

Mary A. Yis; an' he's so puzzled wid it, that he's gone clane out av his head.

Mike. What had he to do with a law case?

Mary A. Sure he was on the jury.

Mike. On the jury? By jingo! that reminds me. Here's a paper for him.

Pat. *(Aside.)* Oh, murdher! it's the warrant.

Mary A. What is it about?

Mike. *(Reading.)* Well, it's to notify him that the case is dismissed.

Mary A. Dismiesed?

Pat. Dismissed?

Mike. Yes.

Pat. An' it's all over?

Mike. Yis.

Pat. *(Throwing off blanket, &c., and dancing about.)* Oh, hurroo! Tow-de-row-de-row-de—begorra! it's all roight, anyway.

Mike. What's this?

Pat. *(Seizing him, and dancing him around.)* It's all roight, hurroo! *(Suddenly stopping.)* An' the pig, howly murdher! I wondher who got the pig? *(Dancing.*

Mike. *(Stopping him.)* Here, hold on; I've got a bone to pick with you.

Pat. For why?

Mike. *(Pointing to eye.)* For this.

Pat. Oh, tear an' ages! I'll explain; but first, give me lave to beg yer pardon—an' considher me beggin' yer pardon all the toime I'm talkin'. Ye see, I was on the jury—O'Grady agin Squash,—an' the ould judge tould me, whin I wint to dinner, not to daur collogue wid anybody. I met ye—you insisted—I thried to shake ye—you presisted, an' in the end I was compelled to give ye a delicate hint.

Mike. *(Rubbing his eye.)* A delicate—

Pat. Hold on; call it what ye plaze—an' I'll apologize. I kem home, froightened Mary Ann into a fit by sittin' here dumb as an oysther—an', feelin' my raisonin' faculties givin' way, I sthruck a plan to excuse me to the coort.

Mike. You pretended to be crazy?

Pat. Yis; ye see, they have no use for a crazy man on the jury, although they don't object to a natural born idiot in the laste. I know av I'd had to sit that case out, I'd a gone crazy in dead airnest.

Mike. What was the case?

Pat. For the love av mercy, don't ax me; I'll blush to ate bacon for a month, and drame av pigs for the next year. Ye've heard av the herd av grunters that were dhruv into the sea—well, I belave this wan pig had more divils in him than that whole gang. Whoo! 'Twould put a bar av iron in a cowld sweat to think av it. An' the case is compromised. Well, I'm glad av that—but, be me sowkers, I'd loike to know WHO GOT THE PIG.

Disposition of Characters.

PAT.

MARY ANN. MIKE.

R. CURTAIN. L.

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